

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 35.—No. 33.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857.

{ PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 6d.

**PICCO.**—M. PICCO begs to say that he is open to ENGAGEMENTS, which may be entered into by addressing him at his residence, 42, Church-road, De Beauvoir-square, Kingsland.

**GERHARD TAYLOR** has the honor to announce his return to London. Particulars of lessons on the Harp, or performance at private parties, concerts, etc., to be obtained at the principal music-sellers, and of Gerhard Taylor, 14, Upper Baker-street, Regent's-park.

**MISS LOUISA VINNING** having recovered from her severe illness, will sing at the WORCESTER FESTIVAL, on the 25th August. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to Miss L. Vining, care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

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1830.....	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
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1840.....	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
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## REVIEWS.

"SIX FOUR-PART SONGS," with Pianoforte accompaniment, *ad libitum*, composed by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew. Book I., for mixed voices. No. 1, "The Golden Age," words by Heywood (1550). No. 2, "To Echo," words by W. Bartholomew. No. 3, "Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind." Shakspere.

EVERY one of these part-songs shows the hand of a practised musician, in addition to which very estimable quality, there is constant evidence of poetical feeling, and a nice appreciation of the words. Mrs. Bartholomew writes admirably for voices, and never spoils her harmonious combinations by affected elaboration. At the same time, her simplicity of treatment is genuine and artistic, and by no means springs from poverty of resources. Besides their irreproachable construction, each of the three part-songs before us is marked by strong and appropriate character, and we are at a loss upon which to bestow a preference. Perhaps the Shakspelian one is the most genial and hearty, but we can unreservedly commend them all.

"TELL ME NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS." Song for Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone. Words by H. W. Longfellow. Music by George Hausmann.

By no means the least expressive setting of those lines of Professor Longfellow, which will be always recognised by one immortal quatrain:—

Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

Mr. Hausmann, without producing a very original melody, has found one admirably congenial to the theme, while his harmony is irreproachable.

"THE STAR OF THE WEST"—Polka. Composed and arranged for the Pianoforte by Jacques Lorraine.

This polka is neatly written, but without a glimpse of originality. "The Star of the West," by the way, is a somewhat bombastic title for such a trifle.

"AVE VERUM." By Virginia Gabriel.

A beautiful song in the fullest acceptance of the term. Miss Gabriel is an accomplished amateur, and whatever she publishes must possess a real interest for musicians. The "Ave Verum" before us is one of the most finished specimens of her compositions. It not only expresses the words in a strain purely devotional, but is written with such care and correctness, and betrays so refined a feeling for harmony, that all the conditions of good music are attained.

ITALIAN OPERAS AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean will terminate his season next week; and the following week, on Monday, August the 24th, a series of Italian Operatic performances, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Beale, will commence with *La Traviata*. The company includes Mesdames Grisi, Alboni, and Gassier; Signor Mario, Herr Reichardt, Herr Formes, etc., etc. This is a strong array of talent, and can hardly fail to attract all who have the misfortune to be in London at this time of the year.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL.—The stewards, in their anxiety to bring the approaching Festival within the reach and enjoyment of all classes, have resolved on reducing the price of tickets for the side aisles in the Cathedral from 5s. to 3s. 6d., and for the gallery at the College Hall Concerts to the same sum. A feature of the Festival will be the early morning choral services, introduced by the Rev. R. Sarjeant, and found to answer so well on the last occasion. Miss Louise Vining, one of the principal singers engaged, has just recovered from her very severe illness, and is reserving all her strength for the Festival, which will be her first appearance in public since the 3rd of June. It will be a source of satisfaction to the managers and the public to know that Miss Vining's services will be available on that occasion. —*Worcester Journal.*

## MY PRETTY MARY.\*

(*For Music*)

BY JAMES HIPKINS.

The time seems but as yesterday,  
Since first I left my father's dwelling,  
To martial music marched away,  
With glory in my bosom swelling;  
I left the vale, but one regret  
Seem'd still to make my young heart dreary;  
I tried to smile on all I met,  
But sighed, and thought of pretty Mary;  
Companion dear she'd been to me,  
But youthful passions, oft contrary,  
Caused us to part, but soon to see  
I dearly loved my pretty Mary.

O'er the Atlantic's foaming tide  
I sailed, and where loud cannons rattle,  
And Afghan streams were crimson died,  
I shared the perils of the battle.  
On Moodkee's wide and gory plain,  
Where slaughter made the soldier weary,  
I stood in blood amidst the slain,  
And fought—but thought of pretty Mary;  
Companion dear she'd been to me,  
But youthful passions, oft contrary,  
Caused us to part, but soon to see  
I dearly loved my pretty Mary.

A glitt'ring prize adorns my breast,  
For honours gained by war's oppression,  
Where many a noble form's at rest,  
Who fought for freedom's dear possession.  
Farewell to carnage and to strife!  
Your absence makes my bosom cheery;  
My native vales are dear as life—  
But dearer still is pretty Mary.  
For she is all the world to me,  
Though youthful passions, once contrary,  
Caused us to part;—but now I'm free,  
I'll live, and die with pretty Mary.  
(*The words of this song are copyright.*)

\* The author thinks it may not be uninteresting to state here, that he is acquainted with the circumstance of a young man named Spencer, who, having had a slight quarrel with his sweetheart, enlisted as a private soldier, served twenty-two years in India, returned home, and married the same object of his affections, who during that long period had never accepted the hand of another, notwithstanding she had many good offers. (Her maiden name was "Whitehand.")

## TO BE SET TO MUSIC BY M. W. BALFE, Esq.

Bless the printer from the searcher,  
And from the Houses' takers.  
Bless Tom from the slash; from Bridewell's lash,  
Bless all poor ballad-makers.

Those who have writ for the King, for the good King,  
Be it rhyme or reason,  
If they please but to look through Jenkin's his book,  
(*Lex Terra*, 1647)  
They'll hardly find it treason.

Here's a health to the King in sack,  
To the Houses in small beer,  
In vinegar to the crabbed pack  
Of priests at Westminster.

## ONE HUNDRED PUNS REWARD!

For the precise signification (in plain English) of the following joke—from *Punch* ("ante"—page 70):—

A MUSICAL PROVERB (BY JULLIEN).—Every musician is born with a conductor's *bâton* in his head.

Whoever (say Mr. Punch) will furnish us with a clue to the above (especially of the "bâton in his head") shall receive the reward specified on the forehead of this announcement.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE DEBATE OF JULY THE 2ND, AND THE QUESTION OF THE 6TH.  
To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR.—To be charged with mendacity by an habitual violator of truth, is to be vindicated; and more especially when the veracity of the accused is attested by a witness so unexceptionable for the accuser, as a "noble friend," whose imperviousness to bias for the former, is guaranteed by years of defamation. But public considerations may be an incentive to notice that which might otherwise have been passed over in silence.

On the 2nd of July, in reference to my exposure of that scandalous waste of revenue, the expenditure of £13,650 on the Pisani Paul Veronese, Lord Elcho said that "having been in Venice for three months, and made inquiries on the subject, he could vouch for the accuracy of every statement in Mr. Morris Moore's letter." Mr. Wilson, however, though utterly deficient of any personal local investigation, which alone could have rendered impeachment plausible, stigmatises that same letter as "a tissue of misrepresentations." Convict a jobber, and forthwith you are deafened by a howl of "personality," for a jobber convicted loses *ipso facto* the properties of matter, and vanishes into an abstraction—into a system; although to give the lie to truth is claimed by his tribe as an orthodox weapon of argument. If I refrain from that retort which the occasion warrants, it is that the dissylable "Wilson" is all-sufficient, and that I possess the means to aggravate the opprobrium.

The only attempt to confute my letter, and consequently to justify the affront put upon me, related to the "distribution" of the £13,650. Mr. Wilson had the face to assert that "Mr. Mündler had no concern whatever with that distribution." To this I oppose the following statement, forwarded to me hither from Venice by as high an authority on this subject as exists:—

"1. With regard to the sum of 150 napoleons paid to Dubois Brothers, it was Mündler himself who took it to them, and he received from Mr. Henry Dubois severe reproaches, because as it had been agreed between them that the Dubois were to have four per cent. for commission and settlement, as Mündler's sole mediators, consequently, upon the sum of 360,000 Austrian livres appropriated by Pisani, they were entitled by agreement to 14,400 Austrian livres (600 napoleons, or £480), whereas they received only 3,600 Austrian livres (150 napoleons, or £120).

"2. Mr. Henry Dubois gave Mündler a regular office receipt for the 150 napoleons, and upbraided him for his folly and violation of faith with respect to their agreement, in having had recourse to four other mediators, who had demanded double the sum asked by the Dubois themselves. And, indeed, this was within the truth, for the original pretensions of these four mediators were, that Mündler should bind himself, if he wished to get the picture, to pay the Signori Zen, Pisani's first steward, Dezan, second steward, Monterumici, advocate, and Fabris, restorer, the sum of 40,000 francs (£1,600) since they declared that they would be satisfied with no less, and that this must be paid in advance.

"3. The sum of 40,000 francs appearing somewhat high in the eyes of the 'expert' Bavarian, after many sittings, *tête-à-têtes*, and discussions with the above-mentioned gentlemen, and particularly with the advocate Signor Monterumici, who insisted that so it must be settled, or not at all, the sum was reduced to 38,000 francs, or 1,600 Napoleons (£1,280), which were paid by Mündler in person, and Signor Zen gave him a receipt for all. Besides this receipt, there is the receipt of the Dubois, and another receipt from Pisani for 360,000 Austrian livres in Bank of Venice notes. It is a scandalous connivance of the English Government to make a round sum of £13,650 appear as payment for a picture, when it can be proved beyond a doubt that no more was paid and received for it than £12,000. This proceeding, I say, is, in my opinion, not very regular, and it ought to be made publicly known, since it teaches the way to cheat truth clandestinely of the real sum, in order to uphold intrigue and ignorance. I repeat that this is a scandalous collusion which cannot be palliated."

So much for the assertion that "Mr. Mündler had no concern whatever with the distribution of the money for the Pisani Paul Veronese." But here is more of the same kind:

On the 6th of July, in answer to a question obviously concerted with a view to exculpate "Le Chevalier" Eastlake, Mr. Wilson stated, that "the purchase of the Krüger collection took place immediately after a report from a committee of the House,

which practically put an end to the old constitution of the Board of Trustees, and before the new constitution was established;" that "this purchase had not been made with the advice, or even with the cognizance of the Trustees, but under the immediate advice, he believed, of Mr. Dyce;" that, indeed, "Sir C. Eastlake saw one of the pictures which was sent home, but that he was in no way responsible for the purchase either of that picture or of the collection; neither were the Trustees of the National Gallery."

Reply I.—When the "Krüger Collection" was purchased, no change had occurred with regard to what Mr. Wilson terms "the old constitution of the Board of Trustees." The same Board, "Le Chevalier Eastlake" included, the same Director—namely, Mr. Uwins, and Colonel Thwaites, the same Secretary, were still in office. Indeed, the Board of Trustees was the same as now. It was not until the 17th of April, 1854, that "Le Chevalier" Eastlake indited that instrument of resignation in which he "wished it to be clearly understood that it was not his intention to interfere in any way in future with the concerns of the National Gallery."—*Eastlake's Letter, Min. of Trustees, 1853, p. 16.*

2. Mr. Dyce never having held office at the National Gallery, cannot be responsible for any mismanagement there. The consequences of his "advice" are chargeable solely on the officials who had the little wit to follow it. Mr. Wilson insinuated that Mr. Dyce was responsible for the Krüger purchase, but he discreetly abstained from affirming it.

3. As to the Krüger collection having been purchased without "even the cognisance of the trustees," what follows will throw some light on the scrupulousness of him who taxes me with "misrepresentation." Lord Lansdowne (a trustee) brought under the notice of the trustees a negotiation entered into by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) for a collection of early German pictures for sale at Minden: Resolved (Le Chevalier Eastlake present and consenting), "That the trustees feel much satisfaction in leaving this negotiation in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer."—*Min. of Trustees, 1853, p. 9.* Here, then, is proof that the trustees were appealed to about this purchase, and that they sanctioned the "negociations"; consequently, "Le Chevalier" Eastlake, as the professional trustee, and hence as the highest authority at the National Gallery, is primarily responsible for the waste of £3,000 upon these German daubs. "He saw one of the pictures which had been sent home," says his apologist. Apposite expression! for where the "Chevalier" holds jurisdiction there is the "home" of daubs. The "one picture"! perhaps the "Tom Ring the younger." In this great toe, recognising a Hercules, "Le Chevalier" at once resolved "his" much satisfaction "at the prospect of securing the collection entitled the 'Krüger.'"

## RECAPITULATION.

Misrepresentation No. 1.—That "the purchase of the Krüger collection was made without even the cognisance of the trustees."

Misrepresentation No. 2.—That "Sir C. Eastlake was in no way responsible for the purchase of the Krüger collection."

Misrepresentation No. 3.—That "Mr. Mündler had no concern whatever in the distribution of the £13,650 for the Pisani Paul Veronese."

Whether to this last should be added Mr. Wilson's other assertion of July 3rd, namely, that for that vamped up object, the "Adoration of the Magi," an "offer had been made of £400 beyond the £1,979 2s. 2d. paid for it," I leave others to determine.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,  
Milan, August the 6th, 1857.

MORRIS MOORE.

ITALIAN OPERA IN MANCHESTER.—The operatic troupe from Her Majesty's Theatre, including all the principal artists except Alboni, commenced a series of performances, this week, at the Theatre Royal, with *Il Trovatore*, in which Mdles. Spezia and Poma, Signors Giuglini and Beneventano sustained the principal parts. The local journals speak in high praise of Sig. Giuglini, and are not sparing of their eulogies about Mdile. Spezia. Sig. Beneventano finds some exceptionists to his style, and Mdile. Poma is found not equal to the part of Azucena. The opera, nevertheless, had a great success.

## THE ORIGIN OF THE SO-CALLED "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

(From a Vienna Paper).

It seems really time to tell the public the unvarnished truth concerning the origin of the designation, "Music of the Future," and of its satellites, as well as to expose in all its bearings many a machination connected with the subject. Such a course is the more justified, because even the public of Vienna and Leipsic have manifested their indignation at the nuisance, particularly on the 8th of March, in the Imperial Redoutensaal, at the performance of a so-called *Symphonische Dichtung*, composed by Liszt. Not to anticipate our narrative, we will afterwards explain how it comes to pass that we here and there meet with a small *claque* working for the cause; that pens are put in motion, having been dipped in the ink conformably to prescribed directions; and that we even find musical travellers, sent out as prophets to announce to the entire world the *gloire* of their lord and master.

After Liszt, by his pianoforte-playing, and the very skilful arrangement of his triumphs, had thrown a part of musical Europe into a state of drunken admiration and bewilderment; and, in return, received such marks of honour as had never before been bestowed on any virtuoso (not even on Paganini), a more noble feeling of consciousness was aroused in the breasts of most persons. People were ashamed; they confessed having fallen into a state of enthusiasm that was excessive for a virtuoso on the piano, however eminent he might be. On Liszt's second visit, Berlin paved the way to a more just appreciation of him, and even fell into the opposite extreme, by exhibiting a spirit of injustice towards the excellencies which characterise his playing. Vienna, Frankfort-on-the-Main, and many other towns, returned to the path of discretion; people arrived at the correct conviction that Liszt's appearance, occasioned by the great success of the founder of modern pianoforte-playing, namely Thalberg, had been of no advantage to music, or, more particularly, to pianoforte playing and its literature, but had had a contrary effect, and that the boundless enthusiasm for him had been produced only by artificial means and every imaginable kind of machination. It would be easy to prove the injurious influence which, in his time, Liszt, as a pianoforte-player and skillful transcriber for his instrument, has exercised.

A countless multitude of pianoforte-thumpers shot up, after Liszt's appearance, like mustard and cress out of the ground; they strummed and hammered away, the whole blessed day, to the despair of their neighbours, in order to obtain the digital dexterity of Liszt. When this work was over, they looked through operas, such as *Lucrezia*, etc., for some popular motive or other, poured over it a broth *à la Liszt*, stuffed it with the greatest difficulties, without form, without any sense of the Beautiful, without the slightest knowledge of the very first elements of composition, and then, very self-contentedly, set out upon their artistic journeys and tours.

One portion of the public was, by means of letters of introduction, offered up as martyrs to these travellers, and forcibly driven into the virtuoso-concerts, whence, however, they returned home very dissatisfied. The concerts fell into discredit with this one portion of the public, and, at last, nobody went to them any more. With the other portion, the taste for something nobler was completely undermined. People wanted to hear only scales in the most rapid *tempo* (even although the separate notes might not be distinct from each other), the most decided *fortissimo*, with the destruction of a few of the hammers and one or two dozen strings (even without suppleness of wrist); they liked the softest rippling, even though only produced by the displacement of the key-board, and without the gentle, beautiful touch which characterised Thalberg's style. Paraphrases, fantasias on motives from operas, adaptations of songs, and the most insignificant trifles, had become stereotyped in the concert programmes. Evers alone had the courage, in the year 1844, to strive, with energetic zeal, against this increasing depression of musical taste. At his concerts he introduced to the public sonatas of his own composition, and was decidedly successful. Since this period concert programmes have again

risen, while the system of idolising the mere virtuoso is, thank heaven, buried in Lethe.

The time had now arrived when Liszt perceived that he could no longer maintain himself in his position, which had been screwed up to an unnatural height. He must think of something else, if he wished to remain the great subject of the day. Above all things, he exerted himself to procure the knowledge necessary for a conductor, and was aided in his wishes by favorable circumstances at Weimar. Chelard was supplanted, and Liszt made Capellmeister there. Eye-witnesses assure us that Liszt's utter ignorance reduced all the members of the orchestra, for the first two years, to a state of despair. Although Liszt has never arrived at anything like perfection as a conductor, a fact of which we had sufficient evidence at our Mozart Festival, he gained a certain routine—an insight into scores, and a knowledge of orchestral resources—which, also, in the hands of so energetic a man, were put to an extraordinary use. Even the choice of Weimar as a residence was a happy and, at the same time, a cunning idea, for it was from there that Göthe and Schiller founded the new era of German literature; it is the centre of intelligent and romantic Germany—of Germany good natured, sterling, ready for every experiment, who never, not even when the most senseless rubbish is imposed on her, steps forward and repudiates it (as France and England did, on the appearance of the so-called New Music), but tests it deliberately and conscientiously, in order that no man may be wronged.

Liszt had gained, therefore, the ground and the position, whence something striking might well be undertaken. He again surrounded himself with men, far inferior to him mentally, whom he could make his creatures, exactly as he had done as a great virtuoso. The opportunity of standing forth as the protector of a matter, about which a good deal of noise might be made, was first afforded him by his friendship for Berlioz, to whose music people in Germany would not yet do homage, and by the appearance of Richard Wagner. By secret means, the *Leipziger Musikzeitung* was gained over to annihilate every musician, nay, every man who did not perform a pilgrimage to Weimar, for the purpose of prostrating himself and worshipping in the dust Protector Liszt. A small number of most insignificant individuals set up as Mentors for the whole artistic community of Europe—individuals who would have remained for ever in their dim obscurity, had not Liszt caused them to be sworn in under his colours. Without men there is naturally no war! only it is not a subject of indifference what kind of men they are. It is, therefore, necessary that the public should be at last informed how insignificant is the handful of mountebanks in Germany.

A very small party, impudent and unabashed, leads astray the greater mass, and, by its bearing, intimidates the remaining portion. The public has heard, for several years, of the new Apostles, but no artist has had the courage to describe simply and clearly the state of affairs.

Unfortunately the whole swindle, got up by one man and his insignificant co-operators, has, by the considerate tone of their replies, been treated too honourably and with too much weight by many celebrated critics and writers (such as Féti, Professor Bischoff, and many others), whom he, at times, treated only with rudeness and scorn. Nay, there are even worthy men who have allowed themselves to be persuaded that there really does exist a *new school* of musical composition.

Would that such persons would only reflect a little, whether there is really a *school* existing at all among our champions of the Future! The greatest confusion, the most arrant nonsense has been produced, and we hope that every sensible person has given up the idea that Schumann could ever have belonged to this party. The latter mixed up, in an infamous fashion, the name of this gifted man with their own, in order, thereby, to obtain, to a certain extent, a firm footing. There is no *new school* whatever, any more than there was before Beethoven or before Mendelssohn, both of whom, without making any fuss, or giving themselves grand airs, have presented us with the most magnificent creations, and proved the progress made since the days of Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, without Preachers of the

Music of the Future, Men of Progress, or whatever else they choose to call themselves, having, in the time of the last-named masters, indulged in their absurd vagaries, or threatened to anathematise any one who hit upon the idea of coming before the public as a composer in conformity with his own individuality.

(To be continued.)

### PURITANISM versus MUSIC.

(From W. Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time.")

In 1586, while Parliament was sitting, another virulent Puritan pamphlet was printed and industriously circulated. It was entitled "A request of all true Christians to the Honourable House of Parliament." It prays "that all cathedral churches may be put down where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of Psalms, from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers (disguised as are all the rest) in white surplices; some in corner caps and filthy copes, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist the Pope, that Man of Sin and Child of Perdition, with his other Rabble of Miscreants and Shavelings." In this book, deans and canons are described as "unprofitable drones, or rather caterpillars of the world," who "consume yearly, some £2,500, some £3,000, some more, some less, wherein no profit cometh to the Church of God." Cathedrals "are the dens of idle loitering lubbards; the harbours of time-serving hypocrites, whose prebends and livings belong, some to gentlemen, some to boys, and some to serving men and others." While such were the invectives of Puritans against church music, even in Queen Elizabeth's reign, it could not be expected that secular music, or any other but their own "psalms to hornpipes," should escape similar animadversion. Accordingly, Stephen Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse* (1579), comparing the music of his time with that of the ancients, says, "Homer with his musick cured the sick soldiers in the Grecian camp, and purged every man's tent of the plague;" but "thine you that those miracles could be wrought with playing of dances, dumps, pavans, galliards, measures, fancies, or new strains? They never came where this grew, nor knew what it meant. . . . The Argives appointed by their laws great punishments for such as placed above seven strings upon any instrument: Pythagoras commanded that no musician should go beyond his diapason" [octave]. "Were the Argives and Pythagoras now alive, and saw how many strings, how many stops, how many keys, how many clefs, how many moods, flats, sharps, rules, spaces, notes, and rests; how many quirks and corners: what chopping and changing, what tossing and turning, what wresting and wringing, is among our musicians; I verily believe that they would cry out with the countryman, *Alas! here is fat feeding and lean beasts*: or, as one said at the shearing of hogs, *Great cry and little wool, Much ado and small help*." A passage from this author "against unprofitable pipers and fiddlers," and one from Thomas Lovell, against "dauncing and ministralsye," have already been quoted under Queen Elizabeth's reign (ante, pp. 107, 108); but even Thomas Lodge, who replied to Gosson "in defence of poetry, musick, and stage plays," would not defend the merry-making pipers and fiddlers. He says, "I admit not of those that deprave music: your pipers are as odious to me as yourself; neither allow I your harping merry beggars;" but "correct not music when it is praiseworthy, lest your worthless misliking bewray your madness."

Philip Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, first printed in 1583 (and so popular with the Puritans, that four editions of it were printed within twelve years), devotes an entire chapter against music. He says that from "a certain kind of smooth sweetness in it, it is like unto honey, alluring the auditory to effeminancy, pusillanimity, and loathsome-ness of life. . . . And right as good edges are not sharpened, but obtused, by being whetted upon soft stones, so good wits, by hearing of soft music, are rather dulled than sharpened, and made apt to all wantonness and sin." He complains of music "being used in public assemblies and private conventicles as a directory to *filthy* dancing;" and that "through the sweet harmony and smooth melody thereof, it estrangeth the mind, stirreth up lust, womanisheth the mind, and ravisheth the heart." Speaking of the minstrels who had licenses from the justices of the peace, and lived upon their art, he says, "I think all *good* minstrels, sober and chaste musicians (I mean such as range the country riming and singing songs in taverns, ale-houses, inns, and other public assemblies), may dance the wild morris through a needle's eye. There is no ship so balanced with massive matter as their heads are fraught with all kinds of lascivious songs, filthy ballads, and scurvy rimes, serving for every purpose and every company."

These specimens of the Puritan spirit with regard to music may

suffice; but the curious will find similar passages in nearly all their writings. The arguments against cathedral music were ably answered by Hooker in Book V. of his *Ecclesiastical Polity*, and by others. At the Restoration, the Rev. Joseph Brookbank published a book in favour of church music, entitled, "The Well-tuned Organ; or, an Exhortation: wherein this question is fully and largely discussed, whether or no Instrumental and Organical Musik be lawful in Holy Publick Assemblies, 4to., 1660." There is little argument in the Puritan books against church music, they consist almost entirely of bitter invective or vulgar abuse. Music, however, was not the only subject of their attacks.

### PAROCHIAL CHURCH MUSIC.

To the *Editor of the Musical World*.

SIR,—I heartily wish the bishops would assist us with their authority where we cannot move but to our prejudice. And I really know nothing better, or nothing worse, on which they may try their hands, than country parish music; and if they were to extend it to all parishes it would not be amiss, for the Psalms of King David are not always thought good enough everywhere, and are superseded by namby-pamby mawkish hymns, of which I could furnish some specimens, but I will not, for I do not think them all *proper*. Now in our rural parishes, what can possibly be worse than the music, and what more difficult to remedy, and yet preserve *harmony*? Singers were ever notorious for loving to have things their own way; ask them to perform anything, they are dumb—there is no end to it when they begin of their own accord. "Omnibus hoc uitium est cantoribus." But religious singers are of all the most given to sudden discords. They imagined the whole congregation assembled but to hear them; one of them told me with pride, that it was the only part of the service during which no one was asleep. Warming upon the subject, he added, that he had authority for saying, the singers in the Jewish church had precedence of all other officials, and performed the most essential part of the service, as was clear from the Psalms, "The singers go before, and the minstrels (which he took to mean ministers) follow after." Now, the conceit of country musicians is intolerable—what I chiefly complain of is their anthems. Every bumpkin has his favourite solo, and oh! the murder, the profanation! If there be ears devout in the congregation, how must they ache! These anthems should positively be forbidden by authority. A half-a-dozen ignorant conceited fellows stand up; with a falsehood to begin with, they profess to sing "to the honour and glory of God," but it is manifestly to the honour and glory of John Jones, Peter Hussey, Philip White, John Stobes, Timothy Prim, and John Pride. Then, when they are unanimous, their unanimity is wonderful, as all may know who remember in full choir clarinet, bass, and bassoon assisting. "Some put their trust in Charrots, and some in Orses, but we will remember," etc. In our gallery there was a tenor voice that was particularly disagreeable; it had a perpetual yap yap in it, a hooch as if it went round a corner; he had a very odd way, of which certainly he did not "keep the noiseless tenor." Then not only every one sings as loud as he can bawl, but cheeks and elbows are at their utmost efforts—the bassoon vieing with the clarinet, the goose-stop of the clarinet with the bassoon: it is Babel, with the addition of the beasts. By the bye, it was a good hit of Coleridge's, it was the "loud bassoon that suspended, and almost broke the charm that bound the wedding-guest to the *Ancient Mariner's* tale." Speaking of that audacious instrument, a misnomer was not inappropriate, if transferred to the player. A neighbour met a clown going from his own parish-church to mine. "Why, John," said he, "what takes you this way?" "I do go," quoth John, "to church, to hear the *BABOONS*." If the clergyman happen not to be musical, the whole choir hold him in contempt—but if he make attempts occasionally to join and do his best, pleased with the compliment, they will spare him. As thus—One wishing to put the choir in good humour, had the hypocrisy to applaud their efforts to the principal singer, who replied, pulling up his waistband and looking satisfaction, "Pretty well, for that, sir; but dang it, we didn't quite pat off the *Stephany* (symphony); does your par-

son sing?" "A do mumbly a bit." Now this was meant to let him down easy; it was neither praise nor quite contempt, but one qualified with the other. But could I put before you their books—could you read or hear what they do sing, especially on occasions such as weddings, funerals, and some festival days, when they do take the liberty of an *ad libitum*, and quite outrun King David with a vengeance, you would laugh heartily for an hour or two; and as that might be construed into throwing ridicule on the church, I will not give you the opportunity, but I will, by one anecdote, show you that they are not very nice in their selection. An old singer, who had vociferated from boyhood past his threescore years and ten, wishing to keep up the astonishment of the congregation to the last, asked a young lady to give him some new tunes. In a frolicsome mood she played him the common song, "In a cottage near a wood." The old man was delighted, and requested words and music to be given him—it was done—and night and day was he at it. And how do you think he adapted it to the church? You shall hear; and would you had heard *him*—and seen *him*—his flourishes and his attitudes—the triumph of music over age! Thus, then, he adapted it, singing, "In a cottage near a 'ood."

"Love and Laura, ma'am, aint Scriptural—and must make it Scriptural—so,

"Love and Lazarus still are mine."

*Risum teneatis.* Never was love so joined. But what will you say to the charms of Lazarus? Impossible—no—it is even so. Thus—

"Lazarus, oh, my charming fair,  
None wi Lazarus can compare."

Judging from this specimen, you will not think it safe to request a peep into *his book*. But do you think any piety, any devotion, proof against risibility, with such an ally as Lazarus anthemised with love in a church gallery? I am sure none of the congregation could have slept after that, with the *affetuoso* and the *con spirito* in their ears; and had that been sung last Sunday, instead of the funeral hymn, a compilation from "Death and the Lady," and the 90th Psalm, we shouldn't have been disturbed as we were, for the melancholy drone had set a great portion of the congregation to sleep before I had given out the text. A great fat fourteen-year old farmer's daughter had seated herself, with three sisters and a little brother, in the exact proportion on the descending scale. They were of the "Nid noddin' at our house at home" family. A nodding indeed they had of it; the big one lost her balance, fell against the sister, that sister against the other, then the other, and then the boy, and down they all went on the floor of the pew, like a pack of cards—one, indeed, heavy with her own weight, the rest with additional. While on the subject of parish choirs, I must mention one situation in which you have it in perfection. Did you ever attend a parish club? I assure you, if you are once a curate, and aim at decent popularity that you may do good, you must not refuse the invitation, which is given with much ceremony; nay, more, you must carve the mutton, and the beef, and the veal, sit at the end of a long table, close by the door, yourself the only opposing barrier to the fume, heat, and tobacco-smoke, which rushes for an exit thereto. But it is of the music I wish to speak. On these occasions there is a junction of parish bands; and when, after dinner, to do honour to yourself as a guest, and the club, they are *all* packed in one room, not a large one, with scarcely space to exercise their elbows, which makes them more strenuous at the blowing; and when they set to work with a twenty musicians' power of lungs and instruments all striving for the mastery,—when you hear, you will be convinced that it was a peculiar tyranny in the King of Babylon, to make all people and nations fall down and worship him, at "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and *all kinds* of music." For if Orpheus is feigned to have uprooted inanimate trees, and made immovable things move, so would such wondrous powers have a contrary effect on things animate and movable, of making them stand stock-still with astonishment and confusion. As far as I can observe, cornet, dulcimer, and

sackbut, are an antidote to worship. In an argument upon the never-ending subject, excepting the self-worship of the performers, the relative merits of the sister arts, Music, Poetry, and Painting, an ingenious friend quaintly observed, that music was very well but for the *noise*. With the remembrance of the parish-club salute upon me, I perfectly agree with him. Shakespeare must have witnessed something of the kind, when he put into Lear's mouth, "Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks." I have often wondered at the fact, that farmers and agricultural labourers are, more than any other class of persons, subject to deafness. It never occurred to me before that it might arise from Parochial Music.

WEDGE.

#### OLD BOOKS FORGOTTEN AND OUT OF PRINT.

##### NO. I.

"OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC,  
BY WILLIAM KITCHENER, M.D."

(Concluded from page 509.)

"TAKING a note, as it is technically called, is no more than not to quit the tone upon which the voice is employed till it catches hold of the next, and thus all the syllables are conveyed through the medium of aspiration, the effect of which is almost as full of imperfection as lisping in conversation. Those who get at the force and meaning of the words, and pronounce them as they sing with the same sensibility of expression as they would in speaking, possess an accomplishment in singing beyond what all the art in the world can convey; and such, even when they venture upon cantabiles and cadences, will have better, because more natural execution than those who fancy they have reached perfection in singing by stretching and torturing their voices into mere instruments.

"Mrs. Sheridan and Madame Mara were, according to my idea, the most accomplished singers I ever heard, because they were taught upon this principle. Madame Mara, could she have spoken English natively, would, to me, have been the best of these. Let any one recollect the style in which she sung the songs of Polly, in the *Beggar's Opera*, a few years ago, without an attempt beyond reaching the notes, bold, full, and even, through an expression of the words, and I shall easily be granted, that such singing is for the heart—the other for the ear.

"Mrs. Sheridan having had the advantage of sweetly uttering the words with a native pronunciation, and possessing a voice very little indeed inferior to Madame Mara, must be considered, upon this principle, as the best singer I ever heard."—*Life of Dibdin*, vol. ii., p. 1.

Briefly—the art of singing effectively, is to sing every word\* with the same accent and emphasis as you would speak it.

In those concerto pieces which are called Glees (but from the melancholy humdrum manner in which they are performed, often deserve more properly to be called dirges), the genuine expression of the words is generally sacrificed to show the skill of the performers, or the science of the composer—who surely might be contented with fugueing the notes without fugueing the words too—the effect of the harmony would be quite as good, and the sense of the poetry conveyed to the auditors, which is impossible when four voices are each expressing a different sentiment and a different musical passage at the same time!!!

There are certain musical phrases, and subdivisions of notes which, like words, require punctuation to make them immediately and distinctly intelligible.†

The principal care of those who compose music to words ought to be, that their notes justly express the meaning and spirit of them, "the sound should be an echo to the sense."

If composers would first attend to the accurate punctuation of the words, and then over the several stops introduce rests, of defined value, equivalent to the stops, it would in a great degree prevent that playing at cross-purposes which now so often occurs, to the great perplexity of both the singer and the accompanist, and is inevitable from the musical technicalities, *ad libita*, marks for pauses, etc., being so indefinite that no two persons estimate them exactly alike.

The single — and double — are very indefinite characters; why not put under the circumflex a rest of value equivalent to the length of the pause intended by the composer?

† "Do not make words, which ought to be separated according to the principles of just elocution, stick too close to each other. I am disposed to think (I speak with due deference to professional information) that little breathes in singing frequently produce a most admirable effect. All good readers make perceptible pauses where not even a comma is or ought to be found in the typography of a sentence. The finest reader, if he had a voice and intonation, would probably be the finest singer."—*Smyth on Singing*, p. 19.

In holding out a note take care not to change the character of the vowel, which is a very common fault—for instance, in singing "God! save the King," if every word be sung, as it generally is—

God! save great George our King;  
these words are pronounced as if they were spelt—  
Gaw-od say-eov grey-eat Jaw-orge o-w-er Kee-ing;

thus making monosyllables into disyllables. If the proper pronunciation be preserved, it must be thus:

God! save great George our King;

the only syllables which should be sung, the time indicated by the notes, are—"God! save," and "George."

This solemn invocation to the Almighty, as commonly sung, sounds more like a song of triumph than a prayer for the preservation of our sovereign, hardly a word of it, except the first and last line, is heard distinctly. How much would the effect of this loyal anthem be increased if the awful name of the Great God of the Universe was uttered with due reverence!!!

The name of God is never mentioned in private discourse without making a perceptible pause after it.

When I would point out a syllable that I wish to be sung as long as the note over it, I would place this mark —, a short horizontal over the vowel, which I call the *sostenente accent*. On the contrary, over the syllable I wish to be spoken emphatically rather than sung, this ' over the consonant, which I call the *staccato accent*.

A common method of denoting that the first syllable of a word is to be sung *staccato*, or rather spoken, is to make the note over it a quaver, and that over the second syllable a dotted crotchet, without any regard to whether the word is accented on the first syllable, as 'appy—or on the last, as—again. Would it not be better to leave the notes equal, and put the *staccato mark* ' over the syllable which is to be spoken?

All unaccented syllables are short: but where a composer has placed a long note over a syllable which must be articulated short, or render the poetry nonsense, then I occasionally introduce a semicircle, which I call my short accent.

The word "too," from being placed under the accented part of the bar, or under a long note, is continually sung as if spelt *two*, or *too-oo*. Errors of this kind are as numerous as they are ridiculous.

As the first consideration of a composer should be to take an exact measure of the scale, etc. of the instrument he is composing for; so a singing master must very attentively study the compass, quality, quantity, and peculiarities of the voice he is to cultivate.

Some singing masters, instead of consulting and cultivating the genius of their pupils in the particular style of song Nature has pointed out she intended for them, torment the throats of their poor scholars with everlasting *volatas* and divisions *sine fine*.

We remember an instance of this hyper-cultivation of voice in a celebrated singer who, in consequence of such over-practice having been forced upon him by an ignorant master, in order to make the most of the boy's voice, could not hold a note steady the time of a demi-semi quaver; and if a *sostenuto* movement made it indispensable, every note was *tremulante*, and the throat seemed in the same state of irritation as the feet of a spirited horse are, who cannot stand still a moment after he is harnessed.

Of this sad effect from over exertion of the organs of voice before they have acquired a sufficient degree of strength, our readers will presently recollect with regret too many instances of those who had delightful voices when boys, who, now, are hardly ever sure of one good note.

Singers should request the accompanist to play the song in that key which is best adapted to their voice, so that that part of the song which requires most energy, etc., may come under those notes which they are able to produce with the most ease and effect.

Some of the most beautifully-toned voices we have heard, have had not more compass than an octave and a fourth; for such it is, generally, easy enough to change a note, that is either too high or too low, into some other in the chord, without any material injury to the melody, and great advantage to the singer.

To accompany well requires much judgment and taste, and the power of not only discovering what the author wishes to express, but likewise the manner in which the singer will express it.

"The accompanist must always remember that he is merely an assistant to the singer. If, by the strength of his notes or misplaced flourishes, he fixes on himself that attention which the singer ought entirely to monopolize, he displays at the same time his vanity and want of judgment."—See *Rousseau's Dictionnaire de Musique*, 4to., Paris, p. 161.

A specimen is here given of the manner of marking words, which it is recommended to composers to avail themselves of, as a means of avoiding

a false accent and emphasis of the poetry they are going to set; and singers to mark the words of songs (as they would speak them) before they think about the tune, which will enable them to correct any little errors of accent, etc., which have inadvertently occurred in songs already set to music. This will save much time and trouble to both master and scholar—ensure the proper pronunciation of the words, and the effective expression of the music—and revive that harmonious combination of them, the separation of which has long been deplored by all who have faculties to comprehend how great is their power when united,

"Sound is married to immortal verse."—Milton.

God! save great George our King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God! save the King;  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God! save the King.

RIPON.—A grand concert was given in the Public Rooms, by Miss Barwick, (from the Royal Academy of Music, London,) on Monday, the 3rd inst., when she was assisted by the following artistes:—Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Barwick, Mr. Wood (from the Manchester concerts), and Mr. Lambert (from the York and Manchester concerts). Solo concertina, M. Julian Adams, and accompanist, Mr. Wood. The concert opened with "The last rose of summer," sung as a quartett by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Barwick, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Lambert. Mrs. Sunderland sang Donizetti's "Star of Life," with much expression; and was followed by Miss Barwick in Balf's "The green trees," which was much applauded. M. Julian Adams gave a solo on the concertina, which was followed by Muller's part-song, "May-Day;" Mr. Lambert sang Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer," with great spirit. Mr. Wood was much applauded in "Good-by, Sweet-heart" and Mrs. Sunderland was encored in "The Captive Greek Girl," as was Mr. Lambert and Miss Barwick, the former in "Non piu andrai," with English words, and the latter in "Terence's Farewell." The concert was brought to a close by the "National Anthem." The room was crowded by a fashionable audience.—Miss Barwick gave another concert on Tuesday evening, the 4th, with the same party, with the exception of Mrs. Sunderland, whose place was supplied by Miss Hirst, from Huddersfield. The concert commenced with Richard's Trio, "Up! quit thy bower." Miss Hirst was encored in "When the quiet moon," and Mr. Wood received the like compliment for "In happy moments." Miss Barwick was much applauded in "Why do I weep for thee," and Mr. Lambert was encored in Hatton's "Simon the Cellarer." Miss Hirst was next encored in "Great talkers." The second part opened with the part-song, "May Day," followed by Fioravanti's Singing Lesson, sung by Miss Hirst and Mr. Lambert, and encored. Bishop's glee, "Cough and Crow," was well sung, and the "National Anthem" brought the concert to a close.—*North Riding Advertiser*.

MUSIC AT BOSTON.—We are glad to learn there is a prospect of cheap music, for a series of evenings, in our noble Music Hall. Some enterprising gentlemen propose to follow the example recently set in Worcester, and employ the various bands (the Germania, Hall's Boston brass, Gilmore's Salem brass, and Bond's and Flagg's cornet bands), for a series of *ten cent* concerts. The seats upon the floor of the hall are to be taken up, so as to make them promenade concerts. We cannot doubt the success of the undertaking, if well managed. We see that several of the theatres in New York are to be put to the same use during the hot months. Mr. Manager Stuart announces, in conjunction with Mr. Dion Bourcicault, a continuous "Grand Musical Festival," at the Academy of Music. Burton, too, at his new theatre, has commenced "grand promenade concerts," at 25 cents, his attractions being Miss Behrend, the chorus of the Italian Opera, the brothers Mollenhauer, Herr Schreiber, and other solo-players, and "an unrivaled monster orchestra," conducted by Noll. The Philadelphia Academy, too, has *its* promenade concerts, in which Mad. Johannsen, Miss Richings, Mr. Frazer, and the Germania orchestra take part. Mad. Lagrange has taken her "farewell" benefit in New York, in *Norma*. Thalberg and Mad. D'Anger announce concerts at Saratoga, Cape May, Newport, Niagara, Nahant, and wherever the fashionable crowds do congregate. Romberg's cantata of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" was performed by the United Musical Societies of Antioch College (Horace Mann's) during its late commencement week.—*Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—This evening, Mr. C. Mathews will appear in *MARRIED FOR MONEY*; and *THE PRACTICAL MAN*. To be followed by the *Petite Comedy, AGED FORTY*. To conclude with *THE SPOILED CHILD*. On Monday next, Mr. C. Mathews will appear in *THE GAME OF SPECULATION*; and *A CURIOUS CASE*. On Wednesday, Mr. T. P. Cooke will re-appear in the Drama of *BLACK-EYED SUSAN*.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, *GREEN BUSHES: WELCOME LITTLE STRANGER*. To conclude with *FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN THE SEVEN DIALS*. Next week will be revived the *Extravaganza of THE ELVES*.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—This evening, *THE TEMPEST*; preceded by the *Farce, LIVING TOO FAST*. Commence at 7.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *A SUBTERFUGE*; to be followed by the Drama of *THE LIGHTHOUSE*. To conclude with *MASANIENNO*.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH, 1857.

SIDNEY SMITH, who was a great man, cared little or nothing for music; but that is no reason why Beethoven, a far greater than Sidney Smith, should have written his symphonies in vain, or only to be sneered at. Charles Lamb could not understand concertos; but Mozart, an intellectual giant in comparison, devoted much of his time to their composition; and if "Elia" could have appreciated Mozart, it would have been all the better for "Elia," while none the worse for the world, since, in place of the humorous "Chapter on Ears," we should probably have had something equally exquisite in *praise of music*. When the French philosopher asked the sonata—"Sonate que me veux tu?"—the sonata might have answered, "Je ne m'adresse pas à vous; je chante pour ceux qui croient que le bon Dieu n'a rien créé pour rien. Mon chant ne fera pas de mal à vos spéculations; peut-être y entrera t-il, un de ces jours, sans que vous le sachiez."

It is the fashion in certain quarters to comprehend the whole of music under one of two heads—"Tweedle-dum" and "Tweedle-dee"—which an inharmonious satirist furnished at the expense of Handel and a forgotten rival. But, in sober truth, "Tweedle-dum" and "Tweedle-dee" would more fitly apply to the reasoning of those who for various causes underrate the most profound of the arts. Happily the greatest of poets and philosophers have held music in veneration; and Goethe, in a short and pithy sentence, has thus summed up its moral value:—"The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject matter, the effect of which must be deduced. It is wholly form and power, and raises and nobles whatever it expresses." Why in England the affectation of a knowledge of music is not as universal as the affectation of a knowledge of painting and other arts, it would take long to consider. The question is hardly so difficult as it may seem at a glance; but this is not the place to entertain it. That music should hold an inferior place in the estimation of our aristocratic and wealthy classes, is intelligible enough, when it is considered how very little they know about it. Their experience is gathered from Verdi at the Italian Opera, and the fantasias, polkas, and "favourite airs" which their wives and daughters extort, in strange mutilation, from the afflicted key-board. Here,

then, we find the "Tweedle-dum" and "Tweedle-dee" of the present hour, and the abstract idea of *music* entertained by the majority of our higher classes. Who, then, can wonder that the more intellectual among them should regard it with contempt, as a toy for women and children?

Mr. Punch, in his "Social Treadmill,"\* dilates grimly upon the sufferings of those who are summoned to hear "a little music" at an evening party, and inadvertently arrives at the conclusion that the "little music" to which he has been listening is no music, but a sort of bore that he vainly endeavours to analyse. Our lean-shanked contemporary took up his pen with a view of condemning concerts altogether—but his thoughts wandered into another direction, and the result was what he had not anticipated—something as much in favor of good concerts as in disparagement of bad. Now the concerts held at the mansions of nobility and fashion, and contributed chiefly by foreign singers and players, who are paid enormous sums for being stared at (since nobody listens to their performances) are of the most trumpery description, and merit all the contempt they elicit from reflecting persons. These concerts are frequently held when the Opera is over. Mad. —, Mdlle. —, and Signor —, are paid by the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, the small sum of twenty-five guineas each for drawing out, in a jaded style, the very same "*aria*" and "*cabaletta*" with which they have already exhausted themselves and satiated the public at the theatre! Many of the company assembled at the Duchess's come straight from the Opera, where they have heard their "Tweedle-dum," and are now expected to listen with ravished ears to "Tweedle-dee." Of course they don't—for they have had enough of it already—and the performance goes on in dumb show. And *this* is the notion of music entertained by the nobility—of music, an art which has been ennobled by Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn—an art which gave birth to the *Messiah*, the *Choral Symphony*, and *Elijah*!

If the foreign singers and players cared more for honor and less for pelf they would scorn to desecrate themselves and their respectable calling by such humbugging exhibitions. We shall always bear in mind, with feelings of entire gratification, the honourable conduct of Herr Ernst, who, at the residence of a very exalted personage, finding that no one was paying attention to his performance, quietly put up his violin, left the room, and the next day, when "his terms" were sent him, declined to receive the money. The late Duke of Cambridge, who really loved music—genuine music—on hearing of this, said, "Bravo Ernst!"—but the German fiddler, who did not understand making an absurd exhibition of himself for any consideration whatever, was never reinvented. He is, nevertheless, to be envied; while the Opera-singers, who, for the consideration of £25 5s., allow themselves to be treated with indignity, are to be pitied, if not worse. They are just as much snobs, from a certain point of view, as the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe and her guests.

Thus, however, is the art of music misinterpreted and thus are its votaries degraded; thus its enemies (if enemies there can be to anything so innocent and beautiful) on one side, and those who are deaf to its charms on the other, find it expedient and effective to quote Sidney Smith, Doctor Johnson, etc., very good men in their way, who would have been all the better and not the less civilised had a love of music been added to their other qualifications.

\* See *Musical World*, page 503.

THE question of music at the Crystal Palace seems likely to become the theme of serious consideration. The writer of a leading article in *The Times* of Monday, discussing the late report of the committee of shareholders, condemns special "attractions" generally and concerts in particular. Peace festivals, flower shows, exhibitions of poultry, etc., not being in our way we confine ourselves to the observations upon concerts. They are as follow:—

"The Londoner goes to the Crystal Palace for the freshener which the air and the landscape give him. He eats his cold dinner and drinks pale ale with the heartiness of a rustic, and goes back to his work again. This is his attraction. A concert is no more to his taste than a gallery of pictures or statues. He can hear concerts enough in London. He does not go out of London in order to sit still on a chair, with only moderate room for his legs, for three hours. It is quite true the Crystal Palace is more liberal of room to the knees than Exeter-hall; it is possible to sit out even a concert there and not feel yourself in the stocks. This is a great and undoubted merit; it is almost a revolution in the musical world. It, at any rate, deserves to be marked as an era in the history of music. The Handel Festival gave the satisfaction it did principally from the single fact of the perfect comfort in which the performances were heard. We throw no reflection on the vocalists or the orchestra, on the choruses or the solos, but no music can possibly entrance when the space between the back of your own chair and that of your neighbour's before you is less than the length which nature has made from the knee to the hip-joint. There is an insurmountable obstacle to anything like ecstasy under such circumstances. No man was ever enraptured in the stocks. It is one of the remarkable consequences of the new Crystal architecture that it enables music to be heard without pain, and gives room for numbers without undue compression. Space and profit—those old and mortal enemies—are at last decently reconciled. But with all the superior resources which the Crystal Palace possesses for concerts, concerts are not the attraction to bring the masses out of London. Everybody knows Sidney Smith's opinion of concerts. They require singular patience, and they impose an unnatural stagnation of your limbs for some three hours. The masses want something much more free and simple. The Handel Festival was an 'event,' and appealed to a large upper class possessed of ample leisure and purse; but ordinary concerts will neither bring the upper classes nor the middle ones."

"Let us then have no instrumental music in the Crystal Palace, beyond the heavy clatter of plate, knife, and fork, and the cheerful ring of wine-glass and tumbler. Let us have no vocal music in the Crystal Palace beyond the convivial laugh, and the lusty call for 'Waiter.' Our banquet may consist merely of sandwiches and bitter ale, but we will feast on these like Sardanapalus, with the winged lions of Assyria looking down upon us. At any rate, we'll have no concerts. The name of Handel on a posting-bill is as unpleasant to our eyes as the inscription on the wall was to King Belshazzar. We will offer incense to the pagan deities around us after the most approved classic fashion, for we will occasionally order a hot dinner, that the lesser gods may inhale the fumes of humble mock-turtle, and the greater may snuff the fragrance of lordly *Potage à la Bisque*. *Io Bacche!*"

The above may be regarded as a sort of prose dithyramb sung by the shareholders, *en masse*, of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, in answer to the suggestion offered by the writer in *The Times*, for converting the world-famed temple of the arts into a colossal *restaurant*. Folks who think they are losing their money by the "Beautiful," are very apt to lower their esthetical standard, and there is no reason that the people who built the Crystal Palace on the most inaccessible of spots, should prove an exception to the general rule. As *The Times* correctly observes, "There must be new railway accommodation before one half of London can make the Crystal Palace a place of resort." Moreover, the condition of the shareholders must be desperate, indeed,

when *The Times*, a journal which is distinguished above all others for constantly pointing out the humanizing effect of musical art, has done more towards diffusing a love of that art than any journal in the world—when *The Times*, we say, finds this particular case of the Crystal Palace so far beyond the application of a general principle, that it advises the shareholders to banish all music from the precincts of their domain, with the exception, perhaps, of a military band that may be listened to or not at the pleasure of the jovial spirits who haunt the place, and help to fill up the gaps in conversation.

Of course, the writer in *The Times* is simply recommending the shareholders not to throw away their money. The general tone of the paper on all subjects connected with music places it above the suspicion of a contempt for art, and we may regard its advice as purely commercial. Looking over their accounts, the shareholders discover that they are out of pocket by their concerts and musical festivals. Such a state of things of course suggests an abandonment of these supposed means of attraction, and the trial of some other expedient, less noble, perhaps, but more profitable. That the Palace will never be remunerative as a mere museum has been proved long ago. With respect to the purpose for which it was built in the first instance, it is an utter failure, and all the experiments that have been made of latter years have been so many attempts to repair the effect of the mis-calculations made at the commencement of the enterprise.

If music will not answer the commercial views of the shareholders, of course let music be abandoned. But the question still remains, whether music has been fairly tried, and whether one of the highest of arts has not been saddled with the offences committed by the fell demon, Mismanagement. We all of us recollect the feast recorded in "Pickwick," at which everybody got drunk, in consequence of an extraordinary mixture of potations, and which was followed by an universal declaration that the cause of drunkenness was the pickled salmon. Music is the pickled salmon of the Sydenham directors. They have gone blundering on for six goodly years, and when the consequences of the uninterrupted boggle becomes apparent, they find a solution of their difficulty in the failure of the music.

The fact is, they have not made any experiments at all as to the effect of music on the masses. They have got a huge hall built for the accommodation of an almost indefinite multitude, but they wish to be aristocratic, and charge prices of admission suited to the few. Had the Handel Festival been accessible at the rate of 2s. 6d. a head, the Palace would have been crowded with honest lovers of classical music, who are chiefly to be found in the middle and lower stations; whereas the charges of 10s. 6d. and 21s. confined the patronage of the festival to the city aristocracy, and to those snobs, male and female, who are always in a fidget to go where the Queen goes. While there was ample accommodation for 100,000 persons, the attendance, on the very best day, did not exceed 15,000.

Again, the experiment has not yet been made of engaging a first-rate vocalist—say Mad. Clara Novello or Mr. Sims Reeves—to sing at a daily concert to a shilling audience, with no other band than that of the company. Such an arrangement, which would scarcely make a sensible item of expenditure in the accounts of a gigantic concern, would draw enormously.

A large house is made for large multitudes; but this is a truth unperceivable to narrow minds. A downright honest appeal to the love of music that prevails among the masses

has not yet been made, and till it has been made and failed, we need not talk of banishing music from Sydenham. But the palace must be genteel, forsooth. It was opened by a queen, and consecrated by an archbishop—and—and—the patronage of the one has proved as valuable as the benediction of the other.

M. GASSIER, the popular baritone, left London on Thursday, for New York, where he is engaged for the Italian Opera.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN is preparing a "Popular Musical Lecture on Handel and his Contemporaries," which he intends to present to the public early in the autumn. The selections from Handel will be from his little known Italian operas, and of the composers who flourished in his time, the following will contribute illustrations of the music of the period—Buonocini, Lampe, Da Vinci, Leo, Jomelli, Porpora, Pergolesi, Gluck, Dr. Arne, Domenico Scarlatti, and Hasse. The name of Mr. Charles Salaman is guarantee that the lecture will contain some highly interesting and rare specimens of ancient operatic music—a mine altogether unexplored.

DUBLIN.—The Royal Italian Opera *troupe* are reaping a rich harvest at the Theatre Royal. Madame Bosio and Mlle. Balfe divide the applause of the public. One of the most interesting performances of the series has been the *Trovatore*, which was produced on Saturday last. Madame Bosio in *Leonora*, and Signor Graziani in the Count di Luna, both achieved great successes, and Madame Didiéé as *Azucena* was much admired. The band, under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, was all that could be desired. The *Trovatore* was repeated on Wednesday. On Thursday the performances were for the benefit of Mlle. Balfe, and Mr. Balfe made his first appearance for ten years in Dublin.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Almost anticipating the construction of the Cranbourne-street extension line, the Duke of Bedford, through his agents, has been busily occupied in pulling down various houses belonging to his Grace in Tavistock-street and Exeter-street, for the purpose of extending Burleigh-street from the Strand into Covent-garden Market. Already the Board of Works have marked out the ground for the site of their new offices, adjacent to the new vicarage, for which the Duke of Bedford has given the ground; and Mr. Farnan, the oilman, will rebuild on the opposite corner. All that remains to be removed are the premises belonging to Mr. Harris, the builder, and the other properties which intervene between Tavistock-street and Covent-garden Market. Diverging from the Strand, this line of street will take an oblique, or rather a diagonal direction, on account of the difference of level between Exeter-street and the intersecting thoroughfares, and from this point it will proceed in a direct line with the "Hummons," entering the market opposite the north-east angle thereof, which hereafter is intended to form the royal entrance to the new Covent-garden Theatre. The ample site of the late theatre has been cleared, and the pulling down of the Piazza Tavern to form an entrance to the market will shortly be commenced, as the sale of wines and stock is announced to take place immediately. The intended new building will be brought out to the full extent of the frontage in Bow-street, and, continuing down Hart-street, will occupy the whole extended area covering Princes-place, and adjoining Robins's auction-rooms, at which end the intended new stage is proposed to be erected. On the south side of the theatre, in continuation of the Piazza in Covent-garden Market, north of the quadrangle running into Bow-street, will be erected an ornamental conservatory, in principle similar to the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, which will be opened to the public during the day, although closed at night, to be available as conferring additional accommodation for visitors to the new Opera-house. Her Majesty's entrance will be placed at the south-west angle of the building. The style of the intended new building is Italian in general character, resembling the principal front of the Board of Trade and the Treasury. Mr. Barry, jun., is the architect, and Messrs. Lucas have undertaken the contract for the execution of the works. It is intended that the new Italian Opera-house shall be opened early in the ensuing season.—*Building News*.

#### THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE third concert took place at the Sydenham Palace on Friday (yesterday week), was not only the best given by the Vocal Association, but one of the most complete and sensible which has taken place in the Crystal Palace. The programme will at once convince the reader of the truth of our statement:—

##### PART I.

Symphony in A major (the Italian)	...	Mendelssohn.
Part-song—"The New Year"	...	
Part-song (Hunting song)	...	
Finale to the opera of <i>Loreley</i> ( <i>Leonora</i> , Mad. Weiss)	...	
Part-song—"O hills, O vales"	...	

Part-song (male voices)—"The merry way-farers"	...
...	...

##### PART II.

Concerto in G minor (pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard)	...	Mendelssohn.
The First Walpurgis Night (vocal solos by Mr. Montem Smith and Miss Fanny Huddart, and Mr. Weiss)	...	
Wedding March (Midsummer Night's Dream)	...	

That all the music should have been selected from the works of Mendelssohn, was a guarantee of the excellence of the programme. The great Symphony in A was most creditably executed by the band of the Crystal Palace Company, under the direction of Herr Manns.

The rest of the concert was under the admirable and vigorous conduct of Mr. Benedict. All the part-songs went well. The improvement of the chorus of the Vocal Association is remarkable, and proves not only how skilful a general Mr. Benedict is, but how much pains he must have bestowed upon his task. A good deal remains to be done, but what has been effected is sufficient to command the heartiest eulogy.

The pianoforte solo was an experiment, and entirely successful. Many thought the sound of the instrument would have been lost in the vast and exposed arena of the central transept; but the softest notes were heard distinctly, even by the most remote from the orchestra. How Miss Arabella Goddard executed Mendelssohn's magnificent Concerto, need not be told. She never played more superbly, and never created a more legitimate impression. The murmurs of delight which succeeded each movement could not be mistaken, and the applause at the end was such as is rarely heard within the diaphanous walls of the Sydenham Palace. Mr. Benedict was wise in the selection of his experimentaliser, since Miss Goddard's tone is as pure (and therefore as carrying) as her expression is fervid and her execution faultless.

The chorus singers were very steady in the finale to *Loreley*, and Madame Weiss sang the very taxing music of *Leonora* with praiseworthy care.

The principal singers in the *Walpurgis Night* were Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss. The last-named gentleman is entitled to especial praise for his masterly singing of the bass solos.

The whole performance was a great treat to the lovers of good music. Mr. Benedict was loudly and deservedly cheered.

AN UNPOETICAL WIFE.—Siebenbas could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and everything else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighbouring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question—"What shall I warm up for supper?"

## DRAMATIC.

HAYMARKET.—The engagement of Mr. T. P. Cooke for six nights—which, not without some *finesse* and prevailing, Mr. Buckstone contrived to effect, the veteran actor, after his essay in the Jerrold Commemoration at the Adelphi Theatre, finding he could still count upon the old stamina and energy—proved in the highest degree successful. All the ancient admirers of the father of the stage, as Mr. T. P. Cooke may now be called, and all who, not having seen, had only heard of him, flocked to the theatre during the week, and the most intense excitement prevailed throughout the six days.

Mr. T. P. Cooke's William in *Black-eyed Susan* will long be remembered as one of the most perfect and graphic exhibitions of melodramatic acting ever witnessed on any stage. It is unnecessary to criticise a performance—better known, perhaps, than any other of the last half century. If the acting on Monday night did not reach the original standard, it was, at least, beyond the accomplishment of any living actor. The most extraordinary part was the Sailor's Hornpipe, danced with an elasticity and lightness quite wonderful, considering the years of Mr. T. P. Cooke. Moreover, in general appearance, so well was he made up by art or preserved by nature, that he brought back to the recollection of the play-goers the William of some thirty years ago, who, lithesome of limb, buoyant of frame, and full of life and animation, chewed his cud as pleasantly and hitched up his trousers as gallantly as any Jack Tar in the Royal Navy. There is no one now to fill up the place left vacant by T. P. Cooke, no more than there is to supply that of John Kemble, George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready—to say nothing of the ladies, from Mrs. Siddons down to Miss O'Neill. It was worth walking twenty miles to see T. P. Cooke doing the double shuffle in the hornpipe. Othello's occupation is gone, and the world may wag its head for a century, and the stage exhibit actors as shifting as the kaleidoscope during that period, and still not another T. P. Cooke be seen.

Having lost Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Buckstone was necessitated to look out for some actor who would help to carry on the excitement. Actors, at least good actors, now-a-days, are not as plentiful as blackberries, and Mr. Buckstone was particularly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Charles Mathews, one of the most accomplished of living comedians. Moreover, an additional attraction was given to his engagement in the fact that he was on the eve of departing for America, and would no doubt be absent from this country for some considerable time. Mr. Charles Mathews appeared on Monday night in two of his most popular parts—Mr. Affable Hawk in *A Game of Speculation*, and Plumper in *Cool as a Cucumber*. His reception was most flattering, and he returned the compliment in the most worthy and most acceptable manner by playing his very best. Mr. Charles Mathews is seen to far greater advantage in a small than a large theatre. At Drury Lane many of his finest points used to escape observation, and his delicate hits seldom made any impression. The Haymarket audiences, too, generally are far more sensitive and discriminating than those of the big house in Russell-street. This is all the better for the talented comedian, whose line is entirely removed from the low and vulgar. The *Game of Speculation* and *Cool as a Cucumber* were repeated on Tuesday, and *Used up and Patter versus Clatter* performed on Wednesday and Thursday. The theatre has been crowded every night during the week.

Since writing the above we have seen it announced that Mr. T. P. Cooke is re-engaged for a few nights, and will appear on Wednesday next, the 19th instant.

OLYMPIC.—Mr. Wigan, from causes already explained, having retired from the management of the Olympic, which for four years he had carried on with so much honor and profit, the theatre opened on Monday night under the joint administration of Messrs. F. Robson and W. S. Emden. That the new constitution will be popular may be argued from the fact that the house was crowded in every part, by all ranks of playgoers, that the greatest excitement preceded the delivery of Mr. Robson's introductory address, and that the two managers were called for and received with deafening cheers, about the meaning of which

there could be no mistake. The entertainments consisted of *The Subterfuge*; Wilkie Collins's *Lighthouse*; and *Masaniello*. The address, written by Mr. Robert Brough, was delivered by Mr. Robson after the first piece, and ran as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—

"That's all I know—  
The words I had to speak awhile ago,  
And may have yet, for back they still may come anon,  
Have taken flight at such strange phenomenon.  
That must have been the work of fairy elves,  
I don't know if you noticed it yourselves.  
Let me describe it. On this very stage,  
My home from infancy—not as to age,  
I could talk when I came here—that's all one,  
But here I felt my feet and learnt to run.  
Well, scarcely had I found myself alone  
Within this house, whose size I thought I'd known,  
When this occurred—the stage sank down twelve feet,  
The roof flew up and seem'd the skies to meet,  
The walls ran back and left of boards a plain,  
Say from Newcastle-street to Drury-lane.  
I in the midst of it—about as large  
As a stray oyster in an empty barge,  
Or Marius—Mario—I beg your pardon,  
Sitting among the bricks of Covent Garden.  
E'en now it seems that formerly much bigger,  
Yet rather more adapted to my figure.  
What in the size of my paternal mansion  
Could have created such a strange expansion?  
I know—and any youth can feel with me,  
Whose tender parents have gone out to tea  
And left him all alone (his heart's desire),  
With strict injunctions not to play with fire,  
To mind the house. How vast each room appears;  
And on a person of such tender years  
What dread responsibilities to fall.  
Suppose, for instance, visitors should call.  
Seats in the best of rooms he can't refuse them,  
But what to give them—how shall he amuse them?  
He cannot do the ill-behaved or glum thing  
And keep the doors shut, or he might lose something.  
To make the best of it he can but try—  
Ladies and gentlemen, that boy am I.  
They who as parents kind in art have stood for me  
(Who never gave me aught but what was good for me),  
Have left the house, perhaps for many a day,  
Not to enjoy themselves, I grieve to say;  
And I am left to fill the master's place,  
And save his house's honour from disgrace.  
Well, I've been educated with propriety,  
I've passed four years in very good society;  
And for a host I've had instructions ample  
In studying a gentleman's example.  
Besides (my recent image to employ),  
I've this advantage o'er the lonely boy—  
My anxious father and considerate mother  
Have left me here in charge of my big brother—  
A steady youth, with brain quite free from dizziness,  
Who has for years attended to the business.  
You know him—of ill-breeding not a particle,  
And such a judge of a superior article;  
Trusting to his urban and wise direction,  
I need but play, he'll see to the connexion.  
From drawing-room to shop! The flight's absurd.  
Let me be serious—in a parting word.  
An exiled King, hail'd back to France's Throne,  
Said to his people ('tis a tale well known)—  
'Why do you shout? The Monarch you restore  
'Brings France no change—only one Frenchman more!'  
In our small realm, decreed to rulers new,  
The form of government approved by you,  
We would not change—improvements here and there,  
When wanted, to attempt we will not spare—  
Our base the same—no grief shall you express  
Save for an actor and an actress less.'

Mr. Robson's entrance to speak his speech was the signal for a terrific burst of applause from the whole house. Again and

again did the actor by imploring signs attempt to lull the storm. The winds would not be hushed nor the sea laid by all his entreaties. At length he lifted his fist in a threatening action, and the tumult was converted into a roar of laughter, and so died of its own change. The speech was then given, and received with the greatest demonstrations of favour, the parts alluding to Mr. Robson's position in the theatre being marked out for special applause. Taking into consideration that Mr. Wigan, in his farewell address, did not once allude to Mr. Robson, who added so largely to the reputation of the theatre—if, indeed, he did not create it by his genius—the frequent mention of the late manager in high strains of eulogy shews Mr. Robson in light more than amiable, and cannot fail to extend the circle of his admirers, more particularly if his oration should find its way among Sabbatarians, Quakers, and Evangelists, and all who emphatically inculcate the doctrine, to return good for evil.

Of the pieces little need be said, especially after a week's pause. The *Subterfuge* is the old farce of *A Novel Expedient*, hashed up newly for Mrs. Stirling, Mr. G. Murray, and Mr. G. Vining. *The Lighthouse* is not well adapted to a public auditory. It requires a quiet and even circle to listen patiently to its details, which, although the story is sufficiently exciting, are hardly up to the dramatic mark. Nothing imitative could be more like the reality than the single scene representing the interior of Eddystone Lighthouse, and hardly a fault could be found with the acting. Mr. Robson, who takes a more demonstrative view of the elder Gurnock than Mr. Charles Dickens, the original representative, when the piece was first brought out at Tavistock House, acted with singular intensity, and produced a powerful effect in the scene where he discloses the murder of Lady Grace to his son, and that wherein he sees the lady return, as he believed, from the abode of the dead. Next to Mr. Robson's Gurnock, the Pilot, by Mr. Cooke, was the best acted part in the piece. Miss Swanborough played the shipwrecked lady, and Miss Wyndham made her first appearance, for three years, as Phoebe Dale. After the fall of the curtain, Mr. Robson had to appear, and then a call was raised for the author, when Mr. Wilkie Collins made his bow from a private box. The evening's entertainment concluded very merrily with the laughing burlesque of *Masaniello*.

#### ALDERMEN v. MUSIC.

(From *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.)

SUMMER "music for the million" is now the musical problem. Brass bands and hand-organs, like artistically magnified mosquitoes, haunt us with enough, and more than enough of it, through the dog-days. But shall there not be some regular provision of music for the people, whereby music shall become an object of attention and enjoyment as music, and not merely as a part of the general hot hum and noise? We used to have the bands play twice a week upon the Common, adding charm to the cool evening walk. To be sure they were but brass bands, and the selections often weak and hacknied; but it was better than nothing, and an earnest of better things that might come. But this summer, when the only question should be how to have larger, truer bands, and better music, and more of it, our all-wise aldermen cut off what small supplies we had. They have invented a new economy—to ignore the public thirst, in lieu of gratifying it; the cheaper way, they think, is not to love music, not to want it; conquer your prejudices, and go without; music is surely not essential to the great ends of life, which are eating, drinking, sleeping, making money, enjoying aldermanic honours and other respectabilities! Two thousand dollars for music on the Common were a sad waste; yet were several thousands puffed away in smoke and fire-works in a single half hour, whereby the crowd got little satisfaction, and four lives were lost. And now our aldermen would fain evade the odium of their unmusical obstinacy, by appropriating the money voted by the other branch for music to the widows and orphans of the victims of the fire-works! The Council adhere bravely to their first vote, and there the matter rests; we get no music on the Common.

**THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.**—The German legend that witches and evil spirits assembled on the First of May (*Walpurgis nacht*) on the summit of the Harz mountains, is said to have originated in heathen times, when the Christians tried by force to prevent the Druids from observing their accustomed rites of sacrificing in the open air. As Christianity became the dominant or state religion of the different countries of Europe, the votaries of the decaying superstitions were compelled to resort to the hills and mountains, or the recesses of gloomy and almost impenetrable forests, for sacrificial purposes. The Druids are said to have placed round the mountains watchers, who by their dreadful appearance, hovering round fires and clashing their weapons, frightened the enemy, and the ceremonies were proceeded with. Upon this tradition, Goethe founded the poem which Mendelssohn Bartholdy has set to music. The poem commences by a Druid announcing to the assembled multitude the arrival of the month of May, and exhorting them to prepare for the celebration of the annual ceremony. The people are about joyfully to begin, when an aged woman warns them of the danger they are incurring from their enemies. A chorus of women echo the warning, and also complain of the oppression to which they are subjected. Upon hesitation appearing among the people, a Druid priest denounces all who by flight shall attempt to hide themselves, or fear to take part in the approaching ceremonies. He then, with other Druids exhorts the people to prepare wood for the sacrifice, and promises them protection by trusty guards, who disperse, and silently secure all the passes round the glen; a Druid guide also proposes that if their enemies should assail them, the people should, by horrid noises, screams, howls, and frightful apparitions, scare them away. The people, with the priests, then commence their religious rites, and upon the Christian soldiers advancing to disturb the ceremony, they are so frightened by the supernatural apparitions that they run back in alarm, leaving the Druids and their followers in undisturbed possession of the glen, who thereupon chant their triumph and conclude their horrid rites.

**MENDELSSOHN'S FIRST PIANOFORTE CONCERTO.**—The concerto in G minor was first introduced to the English public in 1852, when it was performed by Mendelssohn himself, at one of the Philharmonic Concerts. Since that time it has been probably oftener played than any composition of the same class, and is always received with the same enthusiastic delight. The reason of the preference commonly given to this work over the second concerto is not difficult to discover—it is considerably shorter. Those who wish really to enter into the merits of this charming composition, should compare it with the concertos of Mendelssohn's predecessors. The pianoforte concerto in Mozart's time was a series of alternate performances by the orchestra and the solo instrument, in the course of which, tradition demanded that the original key and the original *motivo* should be returned to a certain number of times—two circumstances which give a certain air of monotony and constraint to the composition. The piano, too, was treated as a solo instrument, *accompanied by the band*, and the movements were distinguished from each other not only by a change of key as well as of time and speed, but also by a pause between each. This is not the case only in the concertos of Mozart, but in the earliest ones of Beethoven. In his latter concertos, especially in the 5th, in E flat (Op. 73), Beethoven made great innovations on the old forms, and originated the idea which was afterwards carried out by Weber (in his *Concert Stück*) and Mendelssohn, of treating the piano not as an instrument accompanied by the band, but as forming a part of the orchestra, and combining with the string and wind instruments in one grand whole. At the same time, greater unity was given to the composition by doing away with the formal pauses between the different movements, and making them lead into one another. This is very observable in the present concerto, where, instead of ending the first movement, as the ancient rules required, in its original key of G minor, and then, after a pause, beginning the *andante* in that of E, Mendelssohn makes the change by a series of happy modulations, among which, the melody of the lovely introduction to the *Andante* is heard making its way in a most charming manner, several bars before the actual change in time which begins the new movement. This composition is universally acknowledged to be one of Mendelssohn's finest. It was composed, if its place in the catalogue be correct, during that period of brilliant imagination and youthful vigour in which he gave birth to the *Midsummer Night* overture (Op. 21), and that known as "Fingal's Cave" (Op. 36).

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Love me ! no, he never lov'd me,  
Else he'd sooner die than stain  
One so fond as he has prov'd me  
With the hollow world's disdain.  
False one, go—my doom is spoken,  
And the spell that bound me broken.

Wed him ! never !—he has lost me.  
Tears ! well, let them flow.  
No ; the struggle life may cost me,  
But he'll find that I have pride.  
Love is not an idle flower,  
Blooms and dies the self-same hour.

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Oh! boatman, haste! the twilight hour  
Is closing gently o'er the lea!  
The sun, whose setting shuts the flow'r,  
Has locked his last upon the sea.  
Row then, boatman, row!  
Row! ab! a! we've moon and star,  
And our skiff with the stream is flowing.  
Heigho! heigho! ah! heigho!  
Echo responds to my sad heigho!

Oh, boatman, haste ! the sentry calls  
The midnight hour on yonder shore,  
And silv'ry sweet the echo falls  
As music, dripping from the oar !  
Row then, boatman row !  
Row ! 'tis day ! away, away !  
To the land with the stream we are flowing.  
Heigho ! heigho ! ah ! heigho !  
Echo responds to my sad heigho !

Oh, boatman, haste ! the morning beam  
Glides through the fleecy clouds above,  
So breaks on life's dark murmur stroun,  
The rosy dawn of woman's love !  
Row then, boatman row !  
Row ! 'tis day ! away, away !  
To the land with the stream we are flowing.  
Heigho ! dear one, heigho ;  
Echo responds to my glad heigho !

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### NINTH SERIES.

1. Gr. Selections from Robert le Diable .. Meyerbeer.  
2. Duet from Luisa Miller .. Verdi.  
G.-burst Polka .. Gung'l.  
Carmen's Polka .. Morely.  
4. Grand Selection from Norma .. Bellini.  
5. Dona Sabina Walzer .. Horion.  
Three Quick Steps .. Anonymous.

### TENTH SERIES.

1. Grand Selection from Czar and Zimmer .. Lortzing.  
4. Grand Selection from Luisa Miller .. Verdi.  
5. Duet and Finale from Il Masnadieri .. Tinney.  
Viva Paris Quadrille .. Gung'l.  
6. Traum-auf-d-Ocean Waltzes .. Anon.

### ELEVENTH SERIES.

1. Grand Selection from Domine Noir .. Auber.  
3. Fairy Palace Waltzes .. Boosé.  
Spirit of the Ball Galop .. Lord Fitzgerald.  
4. Grand Selection from Der Freischütz .. Weber.  
6. Grand Selection from Stifflega .. Verdi.

### TWELFTH SERIES.

1. Grand Selection from Il Giuramento .. Mercadante.  
2. Fleur de Lis Waltzes .. Boosé.  
Three Quick Steps .. Anon.  
3. Overture to the Czar and Zimmer .. Lortzing.  
Marche Triomphale .. Goldmark.  
Martha Galop .. Bille.  
Quick Step .. Anon.  
4. Grand Selection from Rigoletto .. Verdi.  
6. Grand Selection from Der Wildschütz .. Lortzing.

### THIRTEENTH SERIES.

1. La Carnaval de Venise .. Paganini.  
Polonaise .. Anon.  
2. Grand Selection from Faust .. Siehr.  
3. Grand Selection from Le Cid .. Thomas.  
5. Grand Selection from Les Huguenots .. Meyerbeer.

### FOURTEENTH SERIES.

1. Gr. Select. from Maria Padilla .. Donizetti.  
2. A Set of Waltzes .. Gung'l.  
Three Quick Steps .. Anon.  
3. Grand Fantaisie on Irish and Scotch Airs .. Anon.  
4. An Aria from Giralda .. Adam.  
Reminiscences of Peterhof Walzer .. Gung'l.  
5. Overture to Giralda .. Adam.  
6. Grand March .. Goldmark.  
Marien Quadrille .. Herfurth.  
Downshire Polka .. Callen.

### FIFTEENTH SERIES.

1. Selection from Dame Blanche .. Boieldieu.  
2. The Immortal Valse .. Gung'l.  
Fest-March from Der Tannhäuser .. Wagner.  
Fantasia on German Airs .. Spaeth.  
4. Cavatina from La Passe per Amore .. Copola.  
Lorlay Walzer .. Boosé.  
5. Overture to Jessonda .. Spohr.  
Rigoletto Quadrille .. Tinney.  
6. Selection from Giralda .. Adam.

### SIXTEENTH SERIES.

1. Overture to Le Roi d'Yvetot .. Adam.  
2. GRAND DOUBLE NUMBER: a Selection of Foreign National Airs .. Anen.  
3. Reussler Lieder Walzer .. Gung'l.  
Zoilia Polka .. Etting.  
Louis-d'Or Polka .. Schröder.  
4. Grand Selection from La Traviata .. Verdi.  
5. Five Marches .. Various.  
Troop, Giralda .. Adam.  
6. Mor. Ob. for Cornet & Picton .. Suppl.  
Aria from La Traviata .. Verdi.

### NO. SEVENTEENTH SERIES.

1. Overture to Ferdinand Cortez .. Spontini.  
La Patrouille .. E. de Kourakin.  
2. Grand Selection from Donna del Lago .. Rossini.  
3. Walzer Rondo .. Gumber.  
Carnival Quadrille .. Gung'l.  
4. Marien Walzer .. Gung'l.  
Grazien Polka .. Gung'l.  
The Chase Polka .. Kroschwitz.  
5. Grand Selection from Il Trovatore .. Verdi.  
6. 2nd Grand Selection from ditto .. Verdi.  
Cavalry Quick Step .. Anon.  
Polka Mazurka .. Kuhner.

### EIGHTEENTH SERIES.

1. La Tête de Bronze, Gr. March .. Auber.  
Five Quick Steps .. Anon.  
2. Jäbel Overture .. Lindpaintner.  
3. Selection from Les Mousquetaires de la Reine .. Halevy.  
4. Duett: La Muette de Portici .. Auber.  
Polka: Jenny L'Hirondelle .. Lachner.  
5. Grand Selection from Il Barbiere .. Rossini.  
6. Aria, Rübezahl .. Flotow.  
Volzige Galop .. Lumby.  
Embarkation March .. Cavallini.  
Scotch Fusiliers ditto .. Boose.  
A Troop from Girarda .. Adam.

### NINETEENTH SERIES.

1. Overture, Das Nachtlager in Granada .. Krutzeir.  
2. No. 1. Recitative, Aria, and Chorus .. Mendelssohn.  
from Elijah .. No. 2. Aria, Terzetto, and Chorus .. Mendelssohn.  
from Elijah .. No. 3. Stars of the West: Walzes .. Montague.  
La Fidanzata del Marinajo .. Sc. ed Aria .. Mendelssohn.  
4. Motor Quadrille .. Strauss.  
Zephir Little Walzer .. Gung'l.  
Cadeau Polka .. Leutner.  
5. Grand Selection from Don Pasquale .. Donizetti.  
6. Eight Marches .. Various.

### TWENTIETH SERIES.

1. Grand Selection from Semiramide .. Rossini.  
2. Widdlieder Walzer .. Kuhner.  
Minuit Paasé Quadrille .. Gung'l.  
3. Overture: I Mariti .. Donizetti.  
4. Grand Selection from Les Vêpres Siciliennes .. Verdi.  
Egyptian Polka .. H. Laurent.  
Malakoff Galop .. II. Laurent.  
Blalacava Quick Step .. St. Leger.  
6. Eight Marches, Quick Steps, &c. .. Various.

### TWENTY-FIRST SERIES.

1. Selection from the Ballet Music, Les Vêpres Siciliennes .. Verdi.  
2. Retour à Pavlofsk, Walzer .. Gung'l.  
Berlin Polka .. Michaelis.  
Champagne Galop .. Lumby.  
3. Overture, Fille du Régiment .. Donizetti.  
P. Ika Morska .. Billema.  
4. Selection from La Juive .. Halevy.  
5. St. Patrick's Quadrille .. H. Laurent.  
Fenella Valse .. Timney.  
6. Charivari .. Potpourri.

### TWENTY-SECOND SERIES.

1. Selection from L'Italiana in Algieri .. Rossini.  
2. Geist a Schwingen Walzer .. Lanner.  
Jenny Bell Quatril .. Musard.  
3. Overture, Les Chaperons Blancs .. Auber.  
P. Ika Morska .. Various.  
4. Seven Quick Steps and a Troop .. Various.  
5. Alexander Romanoff Valse .. Laurent.  
Serenade Quadrille .. Billema.  
Quick Step .. Cavallini.  
6. Künstler Potpourri .. Kuhner.

### TWENTY-THIRD SERIES.

1. Six Quick Steps .. Various.

2. Overture, Macon .. Auber.

Leopoldstädter Walzer.

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